That Lifts Up Its Voice.

How to Wake Up a Domestic in the Morning-It Never Pails-A Few Remarks About the Elk.

BUCK SHOALS, N. C., July, Thanks are due and hereby extended to a large number of correspondents who have kindly replied by mail to my inquiry regarding the use and abuse of the guines ben. Many have written me from all over the Union, carefully signing a nom de plume to their letters, and lling me why the guinea is valuable. Eighteen postal cards from the Indian territory are signed by Cherokee gentlemen with whom I have not been corresponding for many years, owing to a feeling of impatience which I have maintained toward them since I learned that they were to blame for my being short a couple of grandparents.

Two long communications also regarding the guines come from the west dated Cherokee Strip. This, I judge, is the name of the postoffice and has nothing to do with the Indians' method of dress.



THE GUINEA HEN AS AN ALARM CLOCK. Oogoolah-pah-na-po-kah, late chief of the Brule Appetite tribe, says that we should not run down the guinea hen. That is true, Oogoolah-pah-na-po-kah, we should not run her down, because we can't. Who ever saw a guinea hen that had run down? If you wish to be alarmed during the night you can set your guinea on that hour and she will awaken you. She will not run down.

We had a domestic once who had just arrived from Europe, and her rest had been broken up on the steamer, she said. by the gayety of the first cabin, and the routs and balls which she could not get out of very well without giving offense. Her name was Tootie Tooterson, and I afterward learned that her rest on board was marred by a restless elephant that occupied the stateroom next to hers, and not by the gayety of the first cabin at all, as she was not in touch with same.

She slept very soundly while at our house as cook, and irritated me by negting to get up in time for breakfast The life of a cook is such that unless she gets up prior to her breakfast and takes some exercise she is almost sure to get ossification of the thought ganglia and come of the dispason.

So we got an slarm clock for her and set it on 4 o'clock. It was one of those alarm clocks which fetch loose in the early gray of morning like a misunderstanding between a xylophonic conclave and a beiler works, but Tootie Tooterson, tired and full of fatigue and raw dried apples, of which she was passion-ately fond, slept on and on and on.

An actor man who went abroad for the purpose of doing up Henry Irving on his own ground came home on the same steamer with Tootie. He had the stateroom prior to or forward of the elephant, while Tootie was abaft. He said that in proportion to her size she was every bit as sensick as the elephant was. So he was sorry for us when he learned that a frowning Providence had selected us for the purpose of refitting and refurnishing and also doing the interior decorating of her famine works.

She was real hungry, with a tendency toward dried apples in a raw state, preferring those that had been dried on a string. Not being familiar with the English language, she often neglected sometimes to cut the string, and thus Col. Gastrie had his hands full, and Tootie would moun in her sleep, and mean and mean and mean.

But she did not wake up, even when the hand to hand struggle with the alarm clock came. Even the fire department and police waked up, but Tootie did not. She kicked out another round from the foot of her bed and slept on with her arm beneath her head, so

am told. I never saw any one sleep harder or shake the soot down from the inside of the chimney any more than she did. Even after she got to putting the alarm clock in her bed and it got to pulling the straw out of the mattrees and scattering the linen over the room at 4 o'clock she slept as calmly and almost as unruffiedly as though she had been in

the morgan. It was then that I bought the stock of 4 o'clock gaineas owned by a poultry show and placed them under the window of Tootie Tooterson, the European

She's in the asylum now, but they tell me that after 4 o'clock she is wide awake, and people who have families dependent on them go away from there as soon as they can

I am sorry that she lost her mind, of ourse, but I feel worse for the person

BILL AND THE FOWL cooking for us, and also taking care of not understanding our language, at least fully as to idioms, etc., the drank my The Sweet Throated Guinea lung medicine at one time and left in its place a similar bottle containing a rare little lizard in alcohol which my little daughter had arranged for her collection.

BILL MAKES A DISCOVERY I did not notice the lizard till the botthe got quite low, as it was a small ligard and quiet, being dead, but it has cast a shadow over my whole life and turned my love for lung medicine into loathing.

what you're after, and-

"George Washington was a wall flower,

a poor boy at a frolic, compared with

yourself. It is an ideal existence. The

president is your serf and mine, a well

paid but pallid vassal, with the cock-reaches of the White House in his vic-

tuals and the wet umbrella of every job-less yahoo under the sun in his hallrack.

He must be open day and night. His wife and his children belong not to him,

but to the kodacker and the grave. His

days and his nights belong to the public,

and I would rather be a union depot

It was at this time that we both made a solemn promise never to allow our

The other day I ast Mary-that's the

house maid-for to write sum thing

about boys, an she sed she wude. So

nex day she brot me wot she had rote, an you never see sech rot; all bad spelt, an no grammar; jest like Mary was a jackus! I sed to Uncle Ned wot shude I do with it, and Uncle Ned he thot

awile, and bime by he sed, Uncle Ned

"Johnny, you recklect how that

whicked gerl tole on you that time wich you had the misforten to steal the

shugar? Now, if I was you, wich Heven

forbid, Ide get even by sending that

stuf of hern to the paper, just as it is, an then mebby she will be tuke up and

put in jail, cos bad spellin is poligamy, and that is comanded by the law." So here it is, jest like Mary rote it:

THE BOY.

The boy is not an animal, yet they

can be heard to a considerable distance.

When a boy hollers he opens his big

mouth like frogs, but girls hold their

toung til they are spoke to, and then

they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself smart

because he can wade where it is deep,

but God made the dry land for every living thing and rested on the seventh

day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops

wading and stays out nights, but the grew up girl is a widdow and keeps

house. A big house is the hardest to

keep. In mudy weather boys are dread-

ful in a house, for they wont wipe their

gums, and they sass the help. We should be gentle and kind to boys, for

Dan-Why, what is the matter, dar

She-If I am as much to you as you

say you can't be sorry your first wife died, and that makes you too brutal for

Knew What She Was About.

voice, and you know it. Why did you ask her to sing for Mr. Richfello?

Daughter (after Mr. Richfello)-See

"Well, Mr. Richfello sits right in

range where he can see her face. She looks like a whitewashed chimpanzee when she sings."—New York Weekly.

A Time for Eloquence

Bashful Lover—Say, Tom, this pro-posing is a fearful business, isn't it? A fellow never knows how to go at it in

the most graceful way. Come now, what did you say to Mrs. Greenwalter

Reminiscent Husband-Great Scott!

what didn't I say to her?-Somerville

The Elevator Boy.

An up to date directory of all that's in the

hlock. And everything that's going on, he knows it

when you asked her to be your wife?

that mirror in front of the piano?

Mother-Miss Catchem has a lovely

me to love.-Life.

Journal.

Francisco Examiner.

"As for fun!

the wash."

our health might be.

"And victuals!

"And friends!

This year the guinea is amusing us here in our North Carolina home. also is a red cow whom we call Fair Rosamond. We milk her on horseback, cross country. She is a mountain cow and loves freedom. She was sired by Arnold Winkelried, by William Tell. dam Joan of Arc. I never saw a cow so fond of freedom and unbleached muslin with dew on it as she is.

Fair Rosamond holds her head high and will go over a nine rail fence with a cellar door tied on her horns, yet never even knock a sliver off the top rail or

scratch her person.

Conversing the other day with my friend Plum Levi, formerly of Blue Ruin, I learned that the colored man of the south most generally, if he commits a hanging offense, mostly expects to get hanged. They are much like white people in that regard, and rather pride themselves in the belief that the Caucasian has no monopoly on eternal punishment. One colored neighbor of mine a very well informed man bor of mine, a very well informed man, tells me that he has every reason to believe that since the emancipation satan has made several changes, and among the rest has discharged his gallery ticket man and put a colored man in his place

Little Prairie Flower, Wankegan, Ills. writes that she is studying ornithology in life's meridian, and wants to know what an elk is.

The true American elk, or Alces Americanus, is often confused with the Alces Malchis, a species of overgrown deer frequenting the northern portion of Europe and Asia. It is also sometime mixed up with the Irish elk, or Megaceros Hibernicus and B. P. O. of E.

Audubon says that the true American elk may be detected by his wild undergrowth of horns and the presence of a oald spot between the nostrils. In the B. P. O. of E., however, this spot is found between the organ of ideality and love of home.

The Alces Americanus may be de tected, therefore, by the bald spot and by his wearing a pair of waste paper baskets for horns.

The American elk is not carniverous but kindly in disposition unless picked on. He feeds upon celery and other tender truck and quenches his thirst on apollinaris water. He is generous to a fault. Also to those in want. Natural ists should not confuse the nocturnal and benevolent elk of America with the smart Alick of Europe.

John Lawrence Sullivan, with whor I once collaborated in the authorship of a novel, was at one time an Elk, but the order withdrew from him hurriedly and the Bible says thou shall not kill.—San has been sitting with closed doors ever since, fearing that he may drop in some evening without the password and salute the worthy chief with one of those grand halling signs of distress which do so much toward breaking down one's health.

The B. P. O. E. is also called The Best People On Earth, and does much good, making life brighter and more desirable whenever the weary heart is bound down considerably and liable to grow that

Speaking of politics, as I see now and then an allusion to same in my weekly paper, reminds me of a little conversation I once had with Mr. Depew regarding the fatal results of humor on statesmanship. The discussion arose, I think, from an allusion of mine to the general gravity noticeable in The Congressional Record and even in the proceedings of parliament, although, as Mr. Depew admitted, the British are a humor loving people, preserving and pondering over some of their jokes for years before they will even laugh at

He told me once that Garfield said to him that early in life he learned the fact that if he wished to advance as a states man he must not allow himself to be humorous, so he throttled every desire himself to make a joke in order to be president, "and," says Mr. Depew, "he warned me to beware of humor as fatal to political preferment. What do you think about it?"

I spoke up and said about as follows: "If you really want to put yourself where Mr. Garfield is-viz., in the bottom of a dark grave, two or three



DESCOVERING THE LIZARD. miles from town and far from postal facilities, in order that your vignette may be printed on the ill ventilated face of a five dollar bill which lies at the bottom of the sock of a soiled dove-now is who found it; for once when she was your time to throttle the heaven born

smile and the light hearted bon mot. 1 will answer your dinner invitation for you so long as old Colonel Gastric can lift his arm to his head or the tired Fol-

licle rise to greet the frosted cake. But, begging your pardon," I said, "you are greater than Garfield if greatness is YOU SEE YOUR STOUT FRIENDS GROW ING THINNER EVERY DAY.

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his warm, wet mackintosh across the CURED HIS RHEUMATISM AND OBESITY budy's crib or go into the yard and count

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